

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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Review of New Books.

Lorin; or, the Wanderer in Wales. A Tale. By Jos. Jones. 12mo. pp. 101. London, 1821.

A POEM, in two cantos, has just appeared under this title, of which, from the gratification it has afforded us, we are desirous of offering to our readers a brief account. And this we shall do without further preface.

The poem embraces the history of a young man, named Lorin, whom a series of disasters had driven, in a state of melancholy madness, to seek a refuge among the woods and mountains of Wales. The unfortunate result of an early passion, which Lorin had entertained for a young lady, to whom the poet gives the name of Julia, accompanied by some other misfortunes, occasioned by his own imprudence and the treachery of a friend, had been the cause of his abandonment of his home, as well as of the mental agony, in which he became a 'wanderer in Wales.' The gloomy and misanthropic feelings of the outcast, while in this dreary condition, are painted with a strength of fidelity that indicate considerable powers in the writer for portraying the darker emotions of the human mind. Thus destitute and distracted, Lorin continues to roam for some time, a prey to the most excruciating torment, until, at length, by plunging from a rock into the sea, he attempts to put a period at once to his life and his sufferings. From this state of peril, however, he is rescued with much difficulty, by Ivor, the village pastor of the place, who had long witnessed and commiserated his distress, and who now, by his humane exertions, restores him to life, and to those better feelings which had so long deserted him. Lorin's gratitude to the worthy priest, induces him to recount the tale of his woes, which, although simple, is interesting and well told. It embodies the causes of the wanderer's flight from his native place, and of his subsequent misanthropic disposition, as already briefly alluded to.

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Not long after this event, a vessel is stranded on the neighbouring coast, and Lorin and a few others, who are witnesses of the melancholy scene, set out, through a tempestuous sea, to its assistance, but arrive only in time to save one of the unfortunate passengers, a young female, at the very moment when she is sinking into a billowy grave. This female proves to be no other than Julia, whom her father, the more effectually to snatch from her lover, had sent abroad, and had caused a report to be spread of her death. Shortly afterwards, however, the father himself dies, and Julia returns to her native country, and is actually in quest of Lorin, when she is thus indebted to him for her life. The happy lovers, thus miraculously restored to each other, are, by the assistance of the delighted Ivor, finally and indissolubly united.

Such is the brief outline of this story, the simplicity of which, it will at once be seen, affords little or no scope for incident. Indeed, the writer's aim, it appears to us, has principally been to develop, as he has often done most successfully, the moody workings of a diseased and misanthropic mind. And it must have been with a view to this main purpose of the poem, that the author has set out with a sort of poetical dissertation on misanthropy, which occupies eight pages before we come to the tale itself. To some this may appear objectionable; but it must be allowed to be in unison with the prevailing character of the poem. We do not mean to insinuate, however, that this 'tale' is throughout marked by the feature we have alluded to: on the contrary, there are some passages of a brighter and lovelier cast, which, like transient sunbeams, act as a redeeming contrast to the less cheering peculiarities of the poem. There is, besides, in several parts, a strain of philosophic sententiousness, which is much to our taste, and especially as it is occasionally enriched with apposite illustrations, which the author has introduced with much skill. Nor is the poem by any means deficient in those picturesque

traits which belong to descriptive poetry, and are ever among the fairest charms of the muse. But it is time that we should exemplify these remarks by a few extracts. The first we shall select, is taken from the introductory account of Lorin, and briefly sketches the harrowing state of his thoughts:—

— Young hapless Lorin!—no admiring eye
That once beheld thy fair prosperity;
Thy face of love, thy form with scarce a peer,
Thy graceful mind, thy heart's unbounded cheer,
Could e'er believe thou wert so changed as this,
And bold denied the metamorphosis.
And yet 'tis he—who now, with jaundiced eye,
Scowls on each breathing thing he passes by;
A moody imprecating soul of woe,
To man and beast, to heaven and earth a foe;
And if he claim congeniality
With substance or with shadow, low or high,
With uncreated or created thing, it is
Some fiery spirit of that dark abyss,
Where the foul tongue gives harsh and horrid vent
To the lost soul's engendered sentiment;
Damning and damned wherever it may roam,
And cursing Time,—past, present, and to come.

In the following passage, the first appearance of the morning is described in lively colours, and with a happy association of imagery: and we regret that we have not room for the whole description, of which this extract forms the commencement:—

'A single star is left in heav'n—which seems
From pensive eye to shed her pale bright beams;
Night's vestal regent and her sister train
In distance fading on the other main:—
But there she lingers, as if bound by spell
To the sweet silent scene she loved so well;
'Tis hard to part, but more she dares not stay—
One soft adieu—and then she glides away.
Up starts the blue-eyed Goddess of the morn,
Her buskin's laced and slung her bugle-horn;
Fresh for the race, as merry and as free
As well becomes such harbinger to be—
A light coronal binds her golden hair,
And half the pride of that fair breast is bare,
Woody by the breeze that wanton plays around,
And her slight waist is slightly cestus bound.
Away she trips, with fairy step along,
O'er hill and vale, the bosk and dell among;
Kissing the rose, and sipping off the dew
That hangs upon the harebell's lip of blue—
Through her bright horn, in sounds that stir
and shake,
She cries, "up, sleeper, up—Awake! awake!—
Nature's blest harmony revolves again,
And calls to action the best sons of men."

We cannot refrain, however, from transcribing, also, the close of this description, which, we are sure, our readers will admire, both for the beauty of the sentiment and the easy flow of the verse:—

‘Enchanting beauty of the fair young day!
With all creation innocently gay—
Nature in smiles—and all her tribes, allied
In tender union, smiling by her side:
No fear, care, presage, retrospect of gloom,
To cast a shade of darkness on the bloom,
But every scene diffusing life and love,—
Gladness below and glory all above!
Enchanting loveliness of life’s young morn!
Ere from the tree the tender bloom is torn—
The fair white blossom sweet expanding forth,
Stainless and pure, the prince and pride of
earth:

No withering decay imprest by time,
No guilty stigma from a touch of crime;
But a bright sunny innocence of heart
Pervades the whole, and shines in every part;
Elastic vigour for each limb supplies,
Words for the tongue and love-beams for the
eyes.’

A passage of a nature similar to the foregoing sketch of Aurora, and of nearly equal merit, describing the setting sun, occurs in a previous part of the poem. The illustration contained in the ensuing lines, although sufficiently obvious, and not altogether new to poetry, is drawn with a chaste and classical accuracy:—

‘When the fell crescent, with barbaric sway,
Waved on the fanes of Delphi’s god of day,
And Moslem’s furious ignorance laid waste
Each finished masterpiece of ancient taste;
The marble that had felt art’s magic wand,
Beneath a Phidias’ or Lysippus’ hand,
Till a plain column of cold Parian stone,
To lovely life and breathing form had grown;
Let the harsh gong and harsher yell resound,
Barbarian conquest upon classic ground;
Let Islam zeal, with genius e’er at war,
And hands that grasped the bloody scimitar,
Urge on the havoc,—while one inch remains
Of “glorious limb”—art triumphs, though in
chains;

Tear, crush, deface, and mutilate at will,
In every fragment there is beauty still.
So ’tis with man—when nature’s hand, replete
With all that blends the lovely and the great,
O’er the fine form has lavished every grace,
And given her cast of beauty to the face;
Let all the angry bolts of fate be sped
In stern succession to his helmless head,
Their utmost power is but to disarray,
They cannot altogether rase away
Those noble traits he wore in better day.’

We might add considerably to these extracts, both with pleasure to ourselves, and, we think, with gratification to our readers; but our limits unfortunately forbid us. We must, therefore, close this portion of our task with the concluding lines of the poem, which briefly relate the nuptials of Lorin and Julia:—

‘Why smiles our Ivor, with his surplice on?
And well-starched band,—why smirks the holy
man?’

Because he scorned one upright thought to
hide,
And his warm heart was dancing in his side;
But now with solemn, yet with placid air,
He gave his blessing to that tender pair:
Their hands he joined, their souls were so be-
fore—

Love archly smiled—and man could do no
more—

Llangarmon’s bells long sounded merrily,
The rustics shouted in their revelry;
And long Llangarmon’s vale shall bless the day,
When first a misanthrope, with mind astray,
Young Lorin of Lyndale a wanderer came that
way.’

To sum up our judgment of this poem, we would observe, in the first place, that, although denominated a tale, it is rather didactic than narrative,—abounding more with sentiment than with incident. The story of Lorin appears to have been selected merely as a vehicle for misanthropic musings and sententious moralizing, enlivened, indeed, as we have already noticed, by some picturesque touches and much pleasing imagery. And to this we may add, that a bold originality, both of sentiment and illustration, occasionally presents itself. Of the mere poetry we may say, that, although unequal, it is, for the most part, harmonious and forcible, reminding us, in several instances, of the terseness and vigour of Dryden’s lines, and, occasionally, of the more luxuriant numbers of Byron. But, indeed, it is not improbable that Childe Harold may have been present to the writer’s mind while engaged on this tale; and we fancy that we have been able to detect an occasional similarity of thought, as well as of versification, in the two poems. In a word, ‘Lorin’ is entitled to much praise, and especially if it be, as it would seem, Mr. Jones’s first public effort. That it possesses some minor blemishes we do not mean to deny; but, as these are chiefly faults of redundancy, they are the more venial, and, at all events, are not of sufficient importance to detract from the general merit of the production.

Queen Elizabeth’s Progresses. Volume IV. Part I. The Queen’s Entertainment by the Countess of Derby, at Harefield Place, Middlesex, in July, 1602. With some Particulars relative to several Earlier Visits at Losely, Winchester, &c. &c.; the Princely Entertainments at Kenilworth, &c. &c. 4to. pp. 100. London, 1821.

THE Progresses of Queen Elizabeth have always been considered as presenting a faithful and highly curious

picture of the times in which they were undertaken; they formed a very prominent part of the royal amusements of the maiden Queen, and were, of course, chronicled with great minuteness, and with a talent far superior to that of the Court Newsmen of the present day, by some of the attendants on her majesty. These Progresses, which were scattered in numerous volumes and tracts, some of which were extremely rare, were first collected by that indefatigable antiquary, Mr. John Nichols, who added much to their interest, by the valuable notes and illustrations with which he enriched them. This work had become very scarce, when the same editor, full of years, which had been spent in his favourite pursuit, undertook a new edition, to which he has brought much additional information, gained with unwearied industry. The present part nearly completes the series; the first portion of it, the Queen’s Entertainment by the Countess Dowager of Derby, is now for the first time printed, from some papers belonging to the late Sir Roger Newdigate, Bart. which had been supposed lost, but were discovered in the year 1803; this MS. had long been a desideratum among antiquaries, and was, we believe, the only document wanting to render the Elizabethan Progresses complete.

It is not from any single extract that an estimate can be made of a work of this nature; we shall, however, venture to make one. The Queen, on entering the demesne of Harefield, was met by two persons, one representing a bailiff, and the other a dairy maid, who welcomed her in a set dialogue of the preparations that had been made to entertain her. When her Majesty was entering the house, PLACE and TIME entertained her with a second dialogue, in which her praises were not forgotten. On her departure, Place, which, at her coming, wore ‘a partie-colored roabe, like the brick-house,’ was now ‘attyred in black mourning aparell,’ bade her farewell in the following quaint speech:—

‘Sweet Maiestie, be pleased to looke vpon a poor wydow, mourning before your Grace. I am this Place, which, at your coming, was full of ioy; but now at your departure am as full of sorrow. I was then, for my comfort, accompanied with the present cheerful Time: but now he is to depart with you; and, blessed as he is, must euer fly before you: but, alas! I haue noe wings, as Time hath. My heauines is such, that I must stand still, amazed to see so greate happines so

sone bereft mee. Oh, that I could remove with you, as other circumstances can! *Time* can goe with you, *Persons* can goe with you; they can moue like Heaven; But I, like dull Earth (as I am indeed), must stand unmouable. I could wish my selfe like the inchaunted Castle of Loue, to hould you heere for euer, but that your vertues would dissolve all my inchauntments. Then what remedy? As it is against the nature of an Angell to be circumscribed in *Place*, so it is against the nature of *Place* to haue the motion of an Angell. I must stay forsaken and desolate. You may go with maiestie, joy, and glory. My only suyte, before you goe, is that you will pardon the close imprisonment which you haue suffred euer since your comminge, imputinge it not to mee, but St. Swythen, who of late hath rayased soe many stormes, as I was faine to provide this *Anchor*, for you, when I did vnderstand you would put into this creeke. But now, since I perceauie this harbour is too little for you, and you will hoyse sayle and be gone, I beseech you take this *Anchor* with you. And I pray to Him that made both *Time* and *Place*, that, in all places where euer you shall arriue, you may anchor as safely, as you doe and euer shall doa in the harts of my Owners.'

Extracts from some letters in the British Museum, respecting this visit of the Queen, illustrate the original account. The remaining portion of this part contains some curious particulars respecting other visits, which will be considered as choice morsels to the antiquary, while the account of the visit to Kenilworth, from the circumstance of the subject being rendered so recently popular, by the great unknown, is well calculated to gratify the general reader.

An Autumn near the Rhine; or, Sketches of Courts, Society, and Scenery, in Germany.

(Continued from p. 396.)

SOCIETY, at Frankfort, is divided into the circles of the diet and those of the citizens; and, at the balls, dreadful altercations for precedence have sometimes taken place between the wives and daughters of their excellencies the ministers, and of their worships the civic magistrates. The Germanic diet is ordinarily composed of seventeen plenipotentiaries, who hold their sittings at the residence of the president, the Ambassador of Austria.

Our author happened to be at Frankfort on the 18th of October, the anniversary of the battle of Leipsic, a day celebrated every year with much ceremony throughout Germany, under the title of the *Allen Deutschen Fest*, the

Feast of all Germans. Like most rejoicings among the Germans, it partook deeply of a religious character. The day was observed strictly as a sabbath, the shops closed, and the churches crowded with persons of all ranks; singing and preaching being the alternate orders of the day; but we must pass over the details to a very interesting account of Theodore Körner, the young hero, whose energetic poems helped so powerfully to kindle a patriotic spirit in Germany. Like Tyrtaeus, of Sparta, he at once led the van in the field, and inspired his countrymen by the enthusiasm of his songs, which breathe the very soul of martial, daring, and patriotic heroism. Many of them were written at night,—in the bivouac—on the eve of battle—or on the bed stained by bleeding wounds:—

'But Körner was not alone a soldier and a lyric poet. His tragedies of Zriny and Rosamunda, (the last woven into a beautiful drama from our historical tale of Henry and Rosamund Clifford,) prove him to be gifted with a powerful dramatic genius. At the age of twenty, his scenes delighted audiences throughout Germany, and he was appointed dramatic poet to the theatre of Vienna. At his death, at the age of twenty-two, Körner left behind him eight or ten dramatic pieces, some of them of great beauty, and several volumes of poetry, displaying strength of thought and felicity of diction, and breathing the affections of a tender and pure heart, and the noble ardour of a hero. While his country was struggling for freedom from a foreign yoke, Körner's spirit could no longer endure the indolent occupations of a poet. He left Vienna in March, 1813, and joined a distinguished free corps—in which he soon rose to rank and became the idol of his comrades. He courted danger and death with the cool devotion of heroism; and his poems perpetually breathe a quiet foreboding of his approaching fate. He was killed in an engagement with the French, at Rosenberg, in Mecklenburg, on the 26th of August, 1813. On the morning of that day, he wrote in his pocket-book and read to a friend, when the signal for attack was given, his exquisite dialogue with his sword, called "The Sword Song." The effect of Körner's spirit-stirring strains on the indignant and struggling Germans, was electrical. They struck on the soul with all the power of the most inspiring martial music—at this day they they are universally loved and admired. They revive the recollections of glory, and penetrate the hearts of the Germans like the notes of the trumpet of victory, or the triumphant din of battle melting in the distance. I send you a translation of one of his patriotic songs. It was commenced in a bivouac hut on the Stecknitz, on the morning of an en-

gagement. The metre is exactly preserved:—

'MEN AND DASTARDS.

A SONG. (KÖRNER.)

The land is roused—the storm breaks loose—
What traitor hand now shrinks from its use?
Shame on the pale-fac'd wretch, who cowers
In chimney corners and damsel's bowers—
Shame on thee, craven recreant sot!
Our German maidens greet thee not—
Our German carols joy thee not—
Our German wine inspires thee not—
On in the van!
Man to man!

Whoe'er a faulchion's hilt can span!

While we bear the brunt of the rainy night,
And watch through the pelting hail-storm's
spite,

Canst thou in soft slumber thy senses drown,
And stretch thy limbs on the lazy down?

Shame on thee, craven recreant sot!

Our German maidens greet thee not—

Our German carols joy thee not—

Our German wine inspires thee not—

On in the van!

Man to man!

Whoe'er a faulchion's hilt can span!

When the trumpet's voice, like the thunders
roll,

Wrings and pierces our inmost soul,

Go and delight in the dulcet sounds,

Where the eunuch trills, and the dancer
bounds—

Shame on thee, craven recreant sot!

Our German maidens greet thee not—

Our German carols joy thee not—

Our German wine inspires thee not—

On in the van!

Man to man!

Whoe'er a faulchion's hilt can span!

When the noon-tide sun darts down his rays,

And no water-drop our thirst allays,

Can'st thou at the banquet board be found,

With the champain goblets foaming round?

Shame on thee, craven recreant sot!

Our German maidens greet thee not—

Our German carols joy thee not—

Our German wine inspires thee not—

On in the van!

Man to man!

Whoe'er a faulchion's hilt can span!

Whilst we on the eve of the murderous fray,

Think on our true-loves, far away;

Thou may'st thy harlot's charms enfold,

And buy her tainted love with gold.

Shame on thee, craven recreant sot!

Our German maidens greet thee not—

Our German carols joy thee not—

Our German wine inspires thee not.

On in the van!

Man to man!

Whoe'er a faulchion's hilt can span!

When the bullets whiz, when the lances glare,

And death in a thousand forms we dare;

Can'st thou stake thy fish and smirk at thy
play,

And shuffle thy cards in their mimic array?

Shame on thee, craven recreant sot!

Our German maidens greet thee not;

Our German carols joy thee not;

Our German wine inspires thee not.

On in the van!

Man to man!

Whoe'er a faulchion's hilt can span!

When our hour is come on the blood-stain'd
heath,

We welcome the soldier's martyr-death;

Whilst thou in thy sickly couch's gloom,
Shall shrink and shriek at the yawning tomb.
Thou diest, thou craven recreant sot!
Our German maidens weep thee not;
Our German songs bewail thee not;
Our German beakers ring for thee not.
On in the van!
Man to man!

Whoe'er a faulchion's hilt can span!

In the notice of Hanau, we have an account of the famous battle fought by Bonaparte against the allies. It was during this engagement that a mill, on the river Kenzig, was the scene of desperate struggles. The French drove back the Bavarians to the banks, and thrust hundreds into the deep stream. The miller, at the hazard of his life, coolly went out amidst the shower of balls, and stopped the flood-gates, so as to leave a safe retreat to the Bavarians over the mill-dam. At Hanau, resides a merchant, whose history is rather curious:—

'A quarrel with his step-mother had induced him to "leave his father's house," when young, and embark for England. Having acquired in trade, in London, a fortune sufficient for comfort in Germany, he married and returned to his native town, where he found that his parents were dead, and that their property had devolved to him. A large rambling house, containing thirteen rooms on a floor, and adorned with pictures of old electors and landgraves, was a part of his patrimony. The house goes by the name of Noah's Ark, from the singularity of its construction, arising, as the story goes, from a cause not less singular. The upper story is a complete second house, erected on the first. The builder, an opulent citizen, who possessed ninety-nine houses in Hanau, was ambitious of rounding his number to one hundred—but the jealousy of the citizens opposed his whim, unless he consented to pave a path to the church, some hundred yards long, with Reich Dollars. He declined this exorbitant tax; but, unwilling to resign the distinction of owning one hundred houses, he contented himself with a hundredth placed on the top of one of the ninety-nine.'

In Germany, the watchmen do not announce the hour in the hoarse blunt manner that our guardians of the night do, but by the sound of a horn, and a quaint harangue in audible recitative every half hour, to the great annoyance of the stranger who is unaccustomed to it. The following is a translation of a national watchman's song in Germany:—

WATCHMAN'S SONG.

'Hark ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
Ten now strikes on the belfry bell!
Ten are the holy Commandments given,
To man below, from God in Heaven.

Human watch from harm can't ward us—

God will watch, and God will guard us;
He through his eternal might,
Give us all a blessed night.

Hark ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
Eleven sounds on the belfry bell!
Eleven apostles of holy mind,
Taught the gospel to mankind.
Human watch, &c.

Hark ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
Twelve resounds from the belfry bell!
Twelve disciples to Jesus came,
Who suffered rebuke for their Saviour's name.
Human watch, &c.

Hark ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
One has peal'd on the belfry bell!
One God above, one Lord indeed,
Who bears us forth in our hour of need.
Human watch, &c.

Hark ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
Two resounds from the belfry bell!
Two paths before mankind are free,—
Neighbour choose the best for thee.
Human watch, &c.

Hark ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
Three now tolls on the belfry bell!
Threefold reigns the Heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Human watch, &c.'

In an excursion to the Forest of Oden, our author visited the Riesensäule, or Giant's Column, a large well-proportioned pillar of granite, which he thus describes:—

'The Riesensäule lies in a wood on the declivity of the mountain. Descending a narrow winding path, conducted by the Jäger's little girl, the great column presently lay before us, half buried in thick brushwood, in a hollow made by its own weight. It is above thirty feet long, and about four in greatest diameter—nearly cylindrical, and tapering with an exact proportion. At one end a sort of semi-circular step is cut, apparently either to fit it to some other stone, or to fix machinery for moving it. The granite is of the hard dark description, of which all the masses in the neighbourhood are composed. The appearance of this gigantic and well-finished column, whose perennial hardness has preserved it for centuries, without a trace of the effects of time, is extremely striking. One little expects so singular a vestige of the power and ingenuity of man in a wild sequestered forest, where its use and object are totally unaccountable. The column has excited much speculation among German antiquaries. The magnificent Elector Palatine, Charles Theodore, would fain have brought it down from the mountain, to grace the *grande place* of his capital, Mannheim; but it was too massy and weighty for removal entire, and the stone baffled the saws of his workmen, who, in attempting to cut it, have left on it two insignificant incisions in evidence of their failure. Kotzebue, who has sprinkled ink upon almost every imaginable subject, proposed that it should be erected on the field of Leipsic, in memory of the victory, a scheme easier to propose than to execute. To mention no other obsta-

cle, it is not probable that the Grand Duke of Hesse, to whom it now belongs, though a very patriotic German, would very much enjoy furnishing a monument to commemorate a battle in which his son and his troops were beaten and taken prisoners.'

Our author gives an animated picture of the court at Carlsruhe, and is equally happy in describing a *table d'Hôte*, at Baden, with an account of which we close our extracts for the present:—

'Notwithstanding the unfashionable season, a pretty numerous party assembled at the *table d'Hôte*, headed, as usual, by the substantial landlord and his pretty wife, who fed daintily, and looked and talked softly to the admiring *convives*. Her spouse was a complete German host, dignified, bulky, and stupid. On discovering my country, he recounted a long list of Englishmen who had lately visited Baden; but who might as well have been Hindoos for any indication of their country conveyed by the names the good host assigned them. They were all, however, according to his description, either lords or *vornehme Leute*, (people of distinction;) but as to most of them he remarked, with some surprise—"Sie machten nicht viele aufwände, nicht viele pomp," (they did not spend a great deal, or make much show.)—a circumstance which seemed not at all to accord with his notions of a *Milord Anglois*. A German host presides at the *table d'hôte*, carves the dishes, and dispenses his good cheer and attentions to the guests with a sort of taciturn dignity which is sometimes highly amusing. He has a sort of air of patronage and chuckling importance, which reminds one of our English Bonifaces in the times of Chaucer and Shakespeare. The subaltern officers, and other regular frequenters of the table, appear to court his conversation, and to desire to stand well with this important personage—generally a well-fed portly man, who, especially if he happen to be a state *employé*, as Mr. Postmaster of the station, is well-wrapped up in fat official self-complacency. His eldest son has, perhaps, held a commission in the army.—Mrs. Postmistress has been, or is still a beauty,—or he has a fine family of little ones, who, in such case, frequently adorn the walls of the saloon, and whom I have seen introduced in their best dresses after dinner, as if their company must necessarily be as interesting to the guests as that of the children of a friend. If the sons and daughters dine at table, they generally occupy, with their visitors, the best places round papa and mamma—rarely offering civility to any one, talking easily among themselves, and showing, by their whole deportment, that they consider themselves to the full the equals of the father's guests. One of the sons frequently holds the office of *Herr Huber Keller*, (Mr. Upper Waiter,)—the Ger-

mans never defrauding this useful personage of his title—who, after waiting upon his sisters and their admirers, in common with the company during dinner, I have seen resign his official napkin, and take a hand at whist with the family friends, which he would not lay down though the bells rang, and “*Herr Keller*” resounded from all corners of the inn. Goëthe has an excellent picture of a German host in Herman and Dorothea. He makes him choleric, conceited, and well-fed, apt to dispute after dinner, relenting and good humoured in the evening, a great man in his little town, and fond of talking of the causeways, the pavements, and the white-washing of the church, effected during his administration as building-inspector. There is something ludicrous in these parochial details being couched in the stately classic hexameter, which is the metre of the poem:—

“Does not the traveller praise our newly car-
penter’d town-gate,
Our neat fresh whiten’d church, and our glit-
tering belfry?
All applaud our streets, our gutters with water
o’erflowing,
So well conceal’d and neat, use and necessity
serving.
Is it not all accomplish’d since that sad conflagration?
Six times in council with credit, chief inspec-
tor of buildings,
Have I receiv’d from my townsmen votes of
warm approbation.”

“I have not very often met with any thing like real civility in a German inn; for the matter-of-course bows, and old-fashioned wishes of “a good appetite,”—“a prosperous journey,”—“sound sleep,” &c. &c. are mere German formalities. The host’s indifferent phlegm rarely gives way to any thing but an officious servility towards consequence which he is capable of appreciating. Our Baden host, the most silent and sententious of his race, became all bows and bustling civility to a little man decorated with the cross of Malta, who came in late to supper, and who proved to be a baron, holding some office under government. “*Would the Gnädiger Herr (gracious gentleman) like this dish,*” or “*should he fetch something hot for his grace?*” and other similar attentions were poured forth with an alacrity quite surprising. The contrast of this obsequious humility, with the promise of independence held out by his broad rosy face and solid figure, gave it a high air of the ludicrous. It something reminded me of Falstaff’s solidity of person, coupled with his milky heart.”

(To be continued.)

The Percy Anecdotes. Part XIX.

THE nineteenth part of this excellent little work, is devoted to Anecdotes of the Pulpit, and is dedicated to the Rev. Daniel Wilson, though on what grounds we know not, unless private friendship has dictated the choice.

But this is no affair of ours, and we therefore proceed to make a few extracts from the two hundred anecdotes, which we suppose the volume contains:—

“*A Scottish Covenanter*.—In the year 1666, when the Whiggamores, alias Covenanters of Scotland, were in arms, a Master of Arts of the College of Aberdeen, preached at Aberdeen a sermon from these words in Jeremiah:—“Sion is wounded.” In this sermon, a copy of which is preserved in the British Museum, (Bibl. Birch, 4450) we have an amusing specimen of the style of preaching which prevailed in those days. He sets out with shewing, that by the Sion in the text, was meant “the pair Kirk o’ Scotland;” and then asks, “wha has wounded her, trow ye?” “To this purpose,” he says, “I se tell you a tale; but I’ll no say ’tis true; but be it true, or be it fause, tak it as I tak it, a God’s benison. When I was a young lad, there was a winsome man Student o’ Theology at the College o’ Aberdeen; and he was to mak a preachment before the Maisters, Regents o’ the College, and out o’ a’ the Holy Scripture o’ God he wailed this text; ‘What will ye gi me, and I’ll betray him ta ye?’ and he could ha’ said it in Latin, (*Quid dabitis?*) And there was an honest auld man in a blew cap, sitting at the feet o’ the powpit, and he says till him, ‘Sir, gin ye betray him, I se gie ye a good fat bishopric.’ Now ye may learn by this, wha’ it is that betrays and wounds the peace o’ the Kirk o’ Scotland.” Having thus fixed the sin of wounding Sion or the Kirk of Scotland on the prelates, he proceeds to show how she was wounded; first, in her head; second, in her hand; third, in her heart; and fourthly, in her feet. Of the first head there are three sub-divisions, shewing how the prelates had wounded the Kirk. 1st. “With the sword o’ their pride;” 2d. “With the sword o’ their gluttony;” and 3d. “With the sword o’ their covetousness.” In illustrating the fourth head, or wounding the feet, he says, “I can remember weel since the Kirk o’ Scotland might hae been likened to a bonny nag, that could have ambled and paced it fu’ sweetly; but the bishops, these galloping swingers, they gat o’ the back o’ the nag, an’ they quite jaded him up to ruin, for they laid upon his back the Book o’ Common Prayer, the Book o’ Canons, and since they cam frae Lunan, the Aith o’ Supremacy, and the kirk law-books. I wonder what errand they had there; but, beluved, what here and what there, they ha sae used him, that they hae no left him a fast nail in his feet. Having discussed the four sorts of wounds, the preacher proceeds.—“And now, beluved, we may tell a tale without laughter; we can liken her to nane but Balaam’s ass, for in that story there is four things to be heeded: 1st. The ass, that we may compare to the Kirk o’ Scotland. 2dly. The riders, that’s

e’en the proud bishops. 3dly. The ange that stopt the ass by the way; and wha trow ye that is? I se sure ye wad fain hear that. Its e’en my gude Lord Eglington, God’s benison light on his bonny face. There he sits, the trimmest sight that e’er the pair Kirk o’ Scotland saw. 4thly. There was a portmanteau behind that nag, an what trow ye was in it? E’en the Book of Common Prayer an the Book of Canons, an the Aith o’ Supremacy, and the Kirk law-books; But I hope the good angel will take him (episcopacy) out o’ the saddle, for he hings by the hough, hauf in and hauf out; fain wad he keep in; an’ tells ye, let him but stay in, and he’ll na’ trouble ye wi’ a portmanteau any more; but the de’el’s a wily pow; let him but get in his little finger, an’ he’ll soon get in his whole hand; let but the loon get in the saddle, and we may a’ pow till we are weary before we get him out again. But a word or two o’ use; an first a word o’ encouragement to a’ the gude people that ha’ already set their hearts an’ hands to the reading an’ avowing the solemn league an’ covenant. Weel, I say nae mare but this, as ye hae begun this gude work, e’en sa perfect it, an’ ye shall nae want your reward in heaven.”

“*Levity Rebuked*.—Father Chatenier, a Dominican, who preached at Paris in the year 1715-17, felt one day much incensed against some young men, who attended his sermons only to laugh. After some severe remarks on the indecency of such conduct, he said, “Après votre mort, ou croyez-vous que vous irez? au bal, à l’opéra, dans des assemblées où il y aura des belles femmes? Non, au feu, au feu!” He pronounced the last words with a voice so strong and so terrible, that he frightened his auditors; many of whom instantly quitted their seats, as if the flames were in the church, and the place of their sin was to be that of their punishment.

“*Dilemma*.—A preacher, who had but one sermon, which he had delivered on the Sunday, being praised by the lord of the place, was called upon to preach on the next day, which was a fast day. The preacher ruminated the whole night on what he was to do, to rescue himself from the predicament in which he was placed. The dreaded hour arrived, when he mounted the pulpit, an’ with great solemnity, said, “Brethren, some persons have accused me of advancing propositions to you yesterday, contrary to the faith, and of having misrepresented many passages of Scripture. Now, to convince you how much I have been wronged, and to make known to you the purity of my doctrine, I shall repeat my sermon, so pray be attentive.”

“*Revocation of the Edict of Nantz*.—When it became evident that the King of France intended to revoke the edict of Nantz, the ministers of the Church of Charente kept many days of solemn fasting and prayer. On one of these occasions, when they had been engaged all

day in exercises of devotion, an eminent minister ascended the pulpit, and in a lively manner set before the people the danger of the Ark of God. His heart was so full, that he could not go on; and there were floods of tears shed, and an universal outcry throughout the assembly. After a considerable pause, he resumed the discourse, but was again interrupted by excess of sorrow; upon which, he turned his discourse into prayer, and with great fervour interceded for the mercy of God, acknowledged his justice in whatever he should bring upon them, and by a very solemn resignation, laid themselves and all their privileges at his feet, begging, that if he saw it for his own honour to suffer the bodies of that generation to fall in the wilderness, he would revive his work in the next; to which the whole congregation gave their assent by a loud—Amen.

Henry Brooke.—One Sunday, while the congregation were assembled in the rural church of the parish in which lived the amiable Henry Brooke, author of the *Fool of Quality*, and other admired works, they waited a long time the arrival of their clergyman. At last, despairing of his coming, they conjectured that some accident had befallen him; and being averse to depart without some edification, they, with one accord, requested that Mr. Brooke would perform the service for them, and expound a part of the Scriptures. Mr. Brooke, though not in orders, consented; and, after the preliminary prayers were over, he opened the Bible, and preached extemporarily on the first text that caught his eye. In the middle of his discourse, the clergyman entered, and found the whole congregation in tears. He entreated Mr. Brooke to proceed, but this he modestly declined; and the clergyman as modestly declared, that after the testimony of superior abilities which he perceived in the moist eyes of all present, he would think it presumption and folly to hazard any thing of his own. Accordingly, the concluding prayers alone were said, and the congregation dismissed for the day.

English Preachers.—It has been observed of Jeremy Taylor, that while he displayed great power of expression, and a rich exuberance of fancy, he blended true sense, false wit, and pedantic quotation. This misfortune, the result of a taste pedantic and affected, was partly the fault of the man, and partly of the time. Taylor, indeed, by the fire and vigour of his genius, threw off all the cold and phlegmatic pedantry which chilled and clouded the invention of such preachers as Bishop Andrews. He stood on a kind of isthmus between the affectations which disgraced the pulpit in the reign of James the First, and the classic purity, united with clear ratiocination, which began to develop themselves after the restoration of his grandson.

The writers and preachers of the reign

of Charles the First, seem to have studied themselves out of their understanding and their taste together. In their pulpit declamations, addressed for the most part to congregations more illiterate than their descendants of the present generation, these learned triflers could not prove a point of Christian doctrine from St. Paul, or urge a Christian duty from the words of Christ. Their astonished audiences must hear in languages which they had never learned, what a whole series of Christian fathers had said on the one, and a whole tribe of heathen moralists on the other. To render such a mode of public instruction profitable, or even tolerable, the gift of interpreting tongues ought to have revived in the church. These learned and senseless farragos were further disgraced by the spirit of witticism and punning, which proved something worse than the preacher's want of taste—his want of seriousness; for no man who had a proper sense of the office of a Christian preacher, would have either leisure or inclination to twist a pun, or trifle with the jangling of words. Meanwhile,

"The hungry sheep look'd up, and were not fed."

It may seem a wild and groundless imagination, that this unedifying and pedantic way of preaching, contributed to the downfall of the church which followed; but it must be remembered, that this very depravation in the mode of public instruction, gave birth to another style of oratory in the coarse mouths of the puritans, at once slovenly and unlearned, but powerful and enthusiastic, which reached every understanding, moved every heart; and when directed, as it quickly was, against the governors and government of the church, became the most powerful engine in subverting it.

At the restoration of Charles the Second, the old race of orthodox preachers were either dead or dumb from age; while the rude brawlers of the commonwealth were condemned to silence, or to secret conventicles; profligate, however, as he was, and indifferent to all doctrines, Charles had a true taste for style; and as the decencies of his station condemned him to hear one sermon weekly, he determined, that whatever became of his conscience, his ear and understanding, at least, should not be offended. The revolution was instant; nor did the transition appear more abrupt and striking from the sourness of the court of Oliver, to the dissolute gaiety of that of Charles; than from the cant, the nonsense, and the sanctified blasphemy of Goodwin, Sterry, and Hugh Peters, to the irresistible reasonings and the majestic energy of Barrow; or at a somewhat later period, to the more diffuse and captivating eloquence of Tillotson.

The Eton Latin Grammar; being an Introduction to the Latin Tongue; revised, corrected, and greatly im-

proved. Enriched also with copious Notes. By the Rev. T. Smith. 12mo. pp. 220. London, 1821.

WHILE every improvement has been made in elementary treatises on education, comparatively little attention has been paid to facilitating the study of Greek and Latin, if we except some theoretical works little calculated for youth. The *Eton Latin Grammar*, though a work of great merit, was not free from faults, and was particularly deficient in the accentuation of words. This error has been very carefully corrected by the present editor, who has not only marked the accents, but also the quantity of every Latin syllable in the book. The notes are valuable, and will be found of great service to the student who has made some progress in the language.

The Peerage Chart for 1821.

THIS chart is similar to that published last year, of which we spoke very favourably, with such additions and alterations as time has rendered necessary. It presents a complete coup d'œil of the British nobility, and should have a place in every library. It appears, from a general summary, that the descent of 156 peers can be traced to the conquest, or 11th century; that of 51 to the 12th century; 52 to the 13th century; 35 to the 14th century; 60 to the 16th century; 59 to the 17th century; and three to the 18th century. The ancestors of seventy-eight of the peers, whose descent can be traced to the conquest, were settled in England previous to that event; the other seventy-eight came over with the conqueror.

The Baronetage Chart for 1821.

THE success of the *Peerage Chart* has induced the author to construct one on the same plan, for the baronets of the united kingdom. It contains the date of the creation, age of the present baronets, number of children, if any, and the nature of the services for which the title was first obtained. The number of English baronets is 624. Of these, 11 have acquired their titles by diplomatic services—52 by naval—56 by military—20 by civil—27 by legal—14 by medical—20 by civic—10 as courtiers—12 by marriage—and 392 chiefly on account of their wealth. Eighty-three baronets can trace their paternal ancestry to the conquest.

The Secretary's Assistant; exhibiting the various and most correct Modes of Superscription, Commencement,

and Conclusion of Letters to Persons of every Degree of Rank. By the Author of the Peerage and Baronetage Charts. 12mo. pp. 136. London, 1821.

WE could not, perhaps, urge any thing stronger in favour of the utility of such a work as the one before us, than the recommendation of the Psalmist, which the author has very happily selected as a motto—'Give unto every man his proper title, lest he be offended, and ye betray your ignorance.' Such persons as have had occasion to mix much in the world, and particularly in the titled world, must have observed the punctiliousness with which many individuals watch that they are addressed by their proper title. The omission of any portion of it, or the substitution of Knt. for Bart., or C. B. for G. C. B., with them would be a very heavy offence, and if the writer should be seeking any favour, he would either be refused, or, at least, rebuked for his inattention to these little but very essential details in epistolary correspondence. The 'Secretary's Assistant' is an infallible guide in this respect, and we give it our hearty recommendation.

A Grammar of the English Language, in which the Genius of the English Tongue is consulted, and all Imitations of the Greek and Latin Grammars are discarded. By W. G. Lewis. 12mo. pp. 216. London, 1821.

WE are very far from thinking, that Mr. Lewis's work will ever get extensively introduced into schools, but as its object is to render the acquisition of a knowledge of grammar, within the reach of persons who have little leisure, and cannot avail themselves of the assistance of a teacher, it may assist the purposes of self-instruction.

CORONATION SERMON OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

[WHILE we, in pursuance of our promise, were preparing an article on the Coronation, a much valued correspondent, to whom we are largely indebted, sent us a copy of the last Coronation Sermon, which is now become so scarce and valuable, that we believe we can do our readers no better service than by re-printing it. The sermon was preached by Dr. Robert Drummond, then Bishop of Salisbury, but a few days after promoted to the Archbishopric of York. 'The concluding part of this discourse,' says a contemporary writer on the subject*,

* Thomson, in his Coronation Ceremonies, for a review of which, see *Lit. Chron.* No. 48.

'time has since shown to be almost a prophecy, at least it was the best prayer which loyalty could offer to heaven for a beloved monarch, and has been amply fulfilled.' We make no further apology for laying the whole before our readers.—ED.

A Sermon Preached at the Coronation of King George III. and Queen Charlotte, in the Abbey Church of Westminster, September, 22, 1761. By Robert, Lord Bishop of Sarum. Published by His Majesty's special Command.

1 KINGS, x. 9.—Because the Lord loved Israel for ever, therefore made he thee king, to do judgment and justice.

THESE words were addressed to Solomon, when he ruled over Israel in the fear of God, and his kingdom was established greatly.—We need not employ our reflections upon the history which occasioned them: we need not enter into the reasons of the peculiar Providence which God exercised over the Jews, or the special appointment of Solomon to the throne of David his father.—The words convey a general proposition, full of instruction; and correspond to that Providence by which all kings reign and all princes decree justice. They are not, surely, unworthy the attention either of the prince or of the people, and may well claim our regard on this solemnity, which affords ample matter for our best affections to work upon; which calls for our devoutest thanks to the Giver of every good gift, for the blessings we already enjoy; and raises in us a confident expectation of the continuance and increase of them.

The words lead us naturally to two important truths:—

1st. That when great and good kings reign, they are the means by which God blesses a people.—It is not said, because the Lord loved Solomon, but because he loved Israel, therefore made he Solomon king.

2dly. That the duty and end of royalty is to do judgment and justice.

The Supreme Governor of the world, constantly exercising his providence in promoting the virtue and happiness of his rational creatures, put man under strong obligations of necessity, convenience, and inclination, thereby to draw him into society; and left him in the hand of his own counsel to reap the benefits of it; to form models of government, to enact laws, and pursue order for the peace, safety, and public good of mankind. For these gracious purposes, all the powers that be, are ordained of God. When these powers

are separated from the public good, nothing can be more unnatural and destructive; when united with it, nothing more just and beneficial: and the true end of civil society is then only attained, when the people are blessed.

The merit of wise and righteous government must certainly redound to the honour of the person who administers it: the divine prerogative of communicating happiness and glory to a great people, of feeding them with a faithful and true heart, and ruling them prudently with all his power, must surely fill the mind of a prince with that inward delight and satisfaction, that attend every act of a conspicuous and distinguished virtue; but the general utility is to the people: and however he may partake of their felicity, the difficulty, the disquietude, the constant care lie upon the prince.

Is it a small thing to hold the reins of government, and direct its course with ability and uprightness? Every considerate man must be sensible of the weight, and every honest man will endeavour to support the hand that bears it. Supported and assisted it must be in the extensive concerns of a great kingdom; but the colour, the vigour, the consistency of public conduct rest chiefly upon the prince himself. To be acquainted with the connexions and dependencies of power, and to look through their force and consequences; to protect a nation from foreign injury and domestic disorder; to execute law, to exercise authority, and secure obedience, by an uniform and well-tempered scheme of mercy and goodness, of truth and faithfulness, of justice and impartiality; are matters of no ordinary skill and care. Solid principles of wisdom and virtue, enlarged views, a discerning spirit, strength and presence of mind, with constant application and watchfulness, are required to keep the sources pure, from whence flow all the benefits of civil government and order.

Is it a small thing to stand firm in so elevated a situation? not to give way to the self-sufficiency of power, or the security of ease, or the allurements of grandeur, which too often pervert even the best dispositions of natural temper, and vitiate the heart? to be superior to all the temptations which so independent a station suggests? and to avoid all the defects that diminish a great character as well as those that corrupt a good one?—Whoever knows mankind must allow the heart to be

very resolute and steadfast in its integrity, which, under such trials, can pursue its course invariably towards the highest perfection.

Besides these difficulties, which arise from the weight of government, and the hazard of moving amidst so many snares; other difficulties may occur in particular cases.—To succeed to a prince, whose grave was just covered with the unfeigned tears of his happy and grateful subjects; who had long been accustomed to love and reverence him as their common father and friend;—to succeed to a kingdom full of power, and riches, and honour, whose name stands foremost among the nations, and whose fame is raised to a pitch above the praise of former ages;—to succeed with the warmest expectations and inclinations of men of all ranks, interests, and opinions:—this, undoubtedly, affords a pleasing prospect; but, at the same time, it calls for all the faculties of an understanding heart to profit by these favourable circumstances; to maintain the affections of the people, the stability of the throne, and the glory of the nation.

Whoever looks through the appearances of things, must see, that even they, who are the worthiest and fittest to be instructed [intrusted] with royalty, cannot be free from difficulty and care; and that the benefit does not accrue so much to them as to the community. This is the purpose of Providence thus to extend its blessings, and this purpose is in fact answered, in proportion to the goodness of the prince. He bears the weight of government, that his subjects may live easy under it; he avails himself of the prerogative, and resists the dangers of his exalted station, that he may be a living law to them; and he exerts himself to act up to the glory in which he finds his people, that their security, tranquillity, and power may be established, strengthened, settled. To a just prince, the difficulties will be rather a spur to action than a curb; because he will be ever warmly animated with the love of his country: his mind will be free, and strong, and constant, because it is pure; and he will found his dignity in that, in which alone it can really consist—in fulfilling his duty; in doing judgment and justice.

This is the second consideration arising from the words of the text:—Because the Lord loved Israel for ever, therefore made he thee king, to do judgment and justice.

The reason of things to an attentive

mind makes it evident, that man cannot be set up on high above his fellow-creatures, merely for his own indulgence, dominion, and advantage.—External greatness, pre-eminence, and honours are indeed due to all that are in authority, and should be maintained; and, above all, when we look up to the supreme head, that is set upon the throne of a great kingdom, we naturally and justly pay the tribute of the most dutiful allegiance; and show constantly every mark of respect, submission, and veneration to the sacred character. Yet no tribute, which a king receives, can be compared to the glory which the greatness of his own mind feels, in doing judgment and justice. This is a talent intrusted with a prince, of which he must give an account; and it is a talent of the noblest kind, that can be committed into the hands of any of the sons of men: for he is the minister of God for the happiness of mankind, and, in discharging this trust faithfully, will be his wisdom and understanding and dignity in the sight of all nations.

This trust is best discharged when those principles are cultivated, from which cometh order and every good work.—To this end, a wise prince, for his own as well as his people's interest, will give public honour to pure religion and virtue; and, for their support, to knowledge and science and every thing that is praise-worthy.—This conduct will give encouragement and life to whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report; will keep vice, infidelity, and prophaneness in awe; and thwart the selfish and dangerous designs of wicked men. The sentiments, the manners, the passions, the pursuits of many will take a right tendency; and whoever are bound by the tie of a well-informed conscience, will preserve a sincere respect to law and a cheerful obedience to government; which, without that tie, no authority can command, no power can enforce. Such a conduct will raise the dignity of a prince; will constitute the genius, form the character, and fix the credit of a people; and, steadily pursued, will produce happiness beyond this age to the community, and to the individuals beyond this life.

A wise prince will not only cultivate those principles, which strengthen the bands by which every society is knit together; but he will also unalterably adhere to those means, and pursue those ends, which secure the founda-

tions and promote the benefits of the constitution, at the head of which he is placed. If this happy lot fall in a country, where the constitution in church and state is founded upon the principles of purity and freedom, and justly poised between the extremes of power and liberty, he will find himself clothed with every degree of authority, that a heart well-intentioned can desire, and at the head of a constitution the best formed to convey peace and happiness to mankind; and it will be easy to him to make the law the rule of his actions, as he measures his own interest by that of his people, and his own duty by the public good. A free constitution hath numberless depending motions, which are necessary to check each other, and which may be sometimes stopped or disordered by the passions of men; it requires, therefore, early, resolute, and uniform vigilance in the administration of government: but these very checks mark out more distinctly the mutual interest of prince and people, and necessitate both to pursue it, if they are true to themselves. In such a constitution, the power of the prince is not absolute, but sufficient for every right purpose, and which a great and good mind will delight in executing. The obedience of the people is the obedience of men, not slaves,—unforced and unfeigned, and therefore the more honourable and more acceptable to an upright king; and the temper, the affection, the vigour, which liberty inspires, will carry the dignity and greatness of a sovereign to a higher pitch, than can be attained by any other principle of government.

When these public demonstrations of wise and righteous administration are strengthened by the prince's personal example of love to true religion and to the constitution, the hopes and happiness of a people are built upon the surest foundation. When a prince acts under an habitual persuasion of his dependance upon God, he gives the strongest pledge of right and steady conduct towards man. A mind well endowed, and a heart well disposed, are not easily drawn aside into the crooked paths of oppression or cunning, but are rooted and grounded in true policy, which dispenses blessings all around. A character thus founded in virtue, will scatter away all evil with his eyes, and will not only maintain a decorum in manners, so essential to dignity, but exact it insensibly and yet powerfully from others. Enlarged principles of sound religion will ena-

ble him to act with ease and firmness and honour in every occurrence; and the efficacy of so eminent a pattern will insinuate itself through all degrees of men. When, to complete this amiable character, the love of the constitution is known to be implanted in the bosom of a prince, this spirit will diffuse itself through all orders of his subjects: his example will secure it, his influence will improve it, his countenance will create emulation in every honest heart to perpetuate it; and the fruit of this conduct will be mutual confidence, strength, and glory.

When he that ruleth over men, founds his dignity in thus fulfilling his duty, God is truly loving unto that nation, and his blessing is upon that people.

When we rejoice in making the application, let us also seriously consider the duty we owe to the Almighty, who hath shewn this loving kindness to us; and the duty we owe to that prince, who is the instrument in the hands of Providence to bestow these blessings upon us. But the most signal bounty of Providence, the most assiduous care and concern of a prince for the public welfare, cannot make a corrupt, a dissolute, or an abject people happy. Let favour be shewed to the wicked, yet will he not learn righteousness; in the land of uprightness will he deal unjustly, and will not behold the mercy or the majesty of the Lord. We must fear God before we can create a confidence that we honour the king with a steadfast heart. It behoves us to walk uprightly in both these paths of duty, which coincide, and to preserve a constant sense of due subordination, and a right conduct in our respective stations. Conscience, gratitude, and even self-love, should prompt us to lessen the weight and heighten the dignity of the crown; and should incite us to co-operate, by all the means in our power, to maintain the cause of pure religion and virtue, of just government and liberty.—If we do not, we shall despise and defeat our own happiness; and the blessings offered to us will aggravate our condemnation. But such fears would ill become this day. Let us promise ourselves better things; and let our present prayers to the Most High, who ruleth in the kingdom of men, be the sincere pledges of our uniform and hearty endeavours, that the reign of the king may be one uninterrupted course of felicity to him and to his kingdoms.

What then remains, but to exhort

you; and what can be more becoming this great and solemn occasion, than to offer up the most fervent supplications with one mind to heaven; that the holy spirit of that God, in whose presence the king and people are preparing to declare their mutual engagements, may pour into their hearts a sincere zeal for each other's happiness, and unite them in the strictest bands of affection? May the sacred oath, which our sovereign takes at the altar of the King of kings, ever recur to his mind, as the genuine intentions of his own heart. May the homage, which we pay him in all truth and faithfulness, be bound upon our hearts and minds with the ties of duty, gratitude, and love! and from us, may unfeigned loyalty spread itself through all ranks, give a right temper to the conduct of all his subjects, and establish his kingdom. May justice and judgment be the habitation of his throne! May mercy and truth go before his face! May the Almighty mark every year with fresh instances of his goodness to him and to his people! May every happiness of private life alleviate the cares of royalty! and every blessing of public prosperity, yea, and abundance of peace be in his day! Late may he be called to an heavenly crown of eternal glory! And here on earth, through the mercy of the Most High, to these kingdoms, long with unsullied lustre may his crown flourish, under the guidance of that wisdom in whose right hand are length of days and honour! Amen.

Original Communications.

MARIAN; A SKETCH:

A free Translation from the Welsh.

MARIAN, didst thou but feel the powerful operation of love that rends my heart and fires my veins, thy tender and compassionate nature would quickly allay the flames that threaten destruction to whatever of mortality belongs to me.

Resign thee, then, my soul unto thy fate!

Presumptuous will it be in me to solicit thee, oh Marian, for a reciprocal return of that affection with which my heart bounds to thee.

Fain would I wish thee devoid of those possessions, that intitle thee to wealthy suitors, and render my advances arrogant.

Thy native charms, the beams of understanding that radiate from thy polished brow, thy gentleness, thy pie-

ty, my adorable Marian, have captivated a heart impenetrable by haughty beauty or sordid riches.

Then, Marian, fare thee well! Thy wealth has formed a barrier to my happiness on earth. Oh, pity me, ye woods, where erst I haunted in your shade, and sung my Marian's praise. Ah, miserable me! no sympathizing sigh for me, ye utter! Impressed with thy mind's perfections, and all those qualifications to make life happy, I bid the world and thee adieu. My harp, which sweetly tuned thy praise, hangs now unstrung, beneath yon blighted oak; now, welcome Death, thy icy hand shall quickly cool the ardour of my throbbing heart, beneath this willow tree. Then, Marian, fare thee well!

CAMBRO.

POETICAL COINCIDENCES;

OR,

'A breeze whispering among the trees.'

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—With but few exceptions, the English poets have shewn so warm an attachment for the couplet of which I write, that it does not require an apology for its introduction to your pages. Whether the using of particular epithets be essential or not to produce genuine poetry, I will not inquire;—that, in almost all of the ancients as well as the moderns, such and such phrases exist, a few examples may suffice, and prove clearly the ridiculous affectation of critics attributing this idea or that sentence to some antecedent or contemporary poet. Although few of the excellent in versification have been accustomed to a seafaring life, yet it is astonishing how they have eulogized the *breeze*! Nor have the majority of them, perhaps, spent much of their time in cathedrals, yet how they exult in the *whisper*! Whenever they sat down in a shady valley in some delicious reverie of inspiration, the charm, it should appear, could not be wound up without a *breeze* to hush its *whispers* among the *trees*.

I should intrude, Sir, were I to give illustrations from Cowley, Milton, Spenser, and many others of the earlier schools of poetry; but, as Pope thought it right to satirise the writers of his day with a smart *breeze*, I will *whisper* a word or two among the *trees* of Twickenham, about him:—

'As snows collected on the mountains freeze,
When milder regions breathe a vernal breeze,
The fleecy pile obeys the *whispering* gales,—
Ends in a stream, and *murmurs* thro' the vales.'
Homer's Odyssey, book 19, p. 123.

Before I proceed further, sir, I would remark, that in most instances there is much *murmuring* in the cloisters of rural solitude for those—

'Who hear from *rustling oaks* Jove's dark decrees;
And catch the fates, *low whisper'd* in the breeze.'
Iliad, book 16, p. 96.

Tickell, in expressing his admiration of the Earl of Warwick's scenery in the *Spectator*, says,—

'How sweet the glooms beneath thy *aged trees*,
Thy noontide shadow, and thy *evening breeze*.'
P. 3.

And Addison, with increased satisfaction replies, that—

'The scent comes warm in *every breeze*.'
P. 94.

He then would prune—

'The tenderest of his *trees*,
Chide the late spring and lingering *western breeze*.'
Translat. 125.

Where buzzes echo through the hive—

'Like *winds* that softly *murmur thro'* the *trees*.'
P. 129.

And, wonderful to know,—

'All this is done when first the *western breeze*
Becalms the year.'—P. 131.

But, as St. Cecilia ought to have the pre-eminence in charming the ear, she makes—

'A thousand trills and quivering sounds
In airy circles o'er us fly,
Till, *wafled* by a *gentle breeze*,
They faint and languish by degrees,
And at a distance *die*.'—*Ode*, p. 137.

Poor tender creatures! But Mrs. Singer will give you a joyful resurrection, in—

'The *eastern breeze*,
And send you dancing thro' the *trembling trees*.'
Pastoral, p. 52.

And Solomon being renowned for wisdom, Prior becomes his ambassador, to raise,—

'By *just degrees*,
From vallies crown'd with flowers, and hills
with *trees*.'
Sol. p. 98.

Mrs. Rowe was very partial to—

'The *whispering breeze*
Among the *trees*,

And *Watts*, who felt reciprocally with her, in his lyrical effusions, sends her back on—

'Young *zephyrs* breathing o'er the stream,
Or *whispers thro'* the *trees*.'

And sometimes in

'The *evening breeze*
Sporting thro' the *trees*.'

Although Andrew Marvell declared it but—

'Only a *fluttering breeze*
Discoursing with the *breathing trees*.'

Thomson, who had an eye for nature,

'Look'd thro' the *trees*

and heard

'The hollow *whispering breeze*,'—P. 24.

in spring; and in his hymn he sung,—

'In hollow *whispering gales*.'—P. 141.

Further, in his *Castle of Indolence*, p. 258,—

'Aërial music in the *warbling wind*,
At distance rising oft, by *small degrees*,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the *trees*
It hung.'

But in his 'Nuptial Song,' p. 314,—

'A genial spirit warms the *breeze*
Unseen among the blooming *trees*.'

While—

'In the *quivering trees*,

Mrs. Opie makes

'Soft *zephyrs* sigh.'—P. 124.

On the other hand, Montgomery sings,—

'Thus the pestilent upas, the demon of *trees*,
Its boughs o'er the wilderness spreads,
And with livid contagion polluting the *breeze*,
Its mildewing influence spreads.'—P. 162.

Whereas Leigh Hunt, in his *Foliage*, admired—

'The new-mown hay that scents the *swelling breeze*,
Or cottage chimney *smoking thro'* the *trees*.'

And Shelley's *Queen Mab* swam on

'The lightest *leaf*
That quivers to the passing *breeze*.'

But, sir, as I dare say you think I am extending my observations beyond your convenience and patience, lest I should infringe on the one and tire the other, it behoves me to draw to a conclusion: at the same time, I have dozens of breezes in my folio, yet on record, especially of Blackmore, Ferguson, Scott, Campbell, *Watts*, and others; for, as you like it, Shakespeare says,—

'Tongues I'll hang on every *tree*,
That shall civil sayings show.'

Your's respectfully, CANTAB.

Biography.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE, EX-EMPEROR OF FRANCE.

'A name at which the world grew pale.'

THE most extraordinary individual that any age or country ever produced—Napoleon Bonaparte—is no more.

He whose will was law to countless millions,—whose empire threatened to swallow up the whole world, and who had only to say to one king or emperor 'go, and he goeth; and to another, come, and he cometh:' he who but yesterday might—

'Have stood against the world, now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.'

But, as a living poet has beautifully expressed it:—

'All must die; kings, princes must obey
The freezing call. Statesmen must one day stoop

To pay their court to the despotic tomb;
Lawyers must there refund the fee of life;
Heroes unarm'd, forgetting sieges, battles—
Must, far from glory and the sound of praise,
Take their last station*.'

The news of Napoleon's death, which must, we think, excite sympathy even in the coldest heart, reached town on Wednesday, and although we would gladly have accompanied our first announcement of the event with a connected memoir of his life, yet we are compelled for the present to give a brief and imperfect sketch.

There was a time, and with some, perhaps, it is not yet past, when it was fashionable to load Bonaparte with every accusation that malice could invent. Not only every virtue, but even every talent was denied to him. Posterity, to which will be left ample materials, will, perhaps, do him that justice which party prejudice has hitherto denied him, and while it records his errors, will not be insensible to his merits, or to the services he has rendered.

One of the most frequent charges against Bonaparte was his low origin, which, though a thousand times refuted, was still renewed on every occasion. His brother, Louis, the Ex-King of Holland, has, however, in his 'Historical Documents,' traced back his family to the middle of the thirteenth century, when one of his ancestors was Potesta of Parma, and a Knight of the order of Gaudenti†. The Bonaparte family, which had been long fixed in Corsica, in subsequent ages, quitted it when it was ceded to the English, and settled first at Lavalette, near Toulon. Napoleon was the eldest son of Carlo and Letitia Bonaparte, and was born at Ajaccio, in the Island of Corsica, on the 15th of August, 1769, the same year that gave birth to his great opponent, the Duke of Wellington. He was educated in the Military School, at Brienne, in France, and first distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon, when that place was in possession of the English. His military career was marked by a rapidity known only during periods of revolution; and, at the age of twenty-seven, he was appointed to the command of the French army in Italy, when he de-

* Mr. Haynes's tragedy of 'Conscience.'

† For a review of this work, in which there are very interesting particulars respecting the Bonapartes, see *Literary Chronicle*, No. 51.

seated the Archduke Charles and the ferocious Suvaroff, and, running a glorious career of victory, made peace with Austria on terms highly favourable to France. He afterwards projected the memorable expedition to Egypt, and returned to France in sufficient time to rescue her from the distracted councils of the Executive Directory, which he dissolved in as summary a manner as Oliver Cromwell did the English Parliament. He was appointed First Consul for a limited term of years, and afterwards for life. New triumphs, in a new war against Austria, enabled him again to compel that power to make peace on terms still more advantageous, and, in 1804, he was raised to the throne, under the title of Emperor of the French, and was crowned by the Pope. Every succeeding year added new glories to his military fame, and new territories to his empire; until he succeeded in raising four of his brothers to thrones, and placing one of his generals the next in succession to the throne of Sweden. The whole of Europe, England excepted, succumbed to his power; and the continental sovereigns and princes attended his summons like vassal lords doing homage. At length, 'vaulting ambition, that o'erleaps itself,' urged him to the war in Spain, where, during a period of almost twenty years, he met with his first reverses. The Russian campaign followed, in which he lost the finest, most numerous, and best appointed army that ever took the field. After returning to France, he raised a new army, and again took the field with varied success, until, at length, the tide of war, which he had urged from the Rhine to the Moskwa, rolled back upon him, and he was compelled to contend on French ground. Never, perhaps, did Bonaparte display so much skill as on this occasion, when, with a mere handful of men, he kept the armies of Russia, Austria, Prussia, &c. from Paris. At length, however, the capital fell into the hands of the allies, and Bonaparte abdicated the throne on the condition of having the island of Elba in perpetual sovereignty, and a pension from France. This pension was not paid, and, on the 26th of February, 1815, Napoleon, with a few hundred faithful followers, left the island, and landed at Frejus on the 1st of March; a more daring enterprise was never undertaken, nor one attended with such success; the armies sent to oppose him, on seeing him, voluntarily threw down their

arms amidst cries of *Vive l'Empereur*, and, in a march the most triumphant that history records, he reached Paris on the 20th, and immediately resumed his imperial sway. One act will distinguish this reign of a 'hundred days,' and render it memorable:—the abolition of the slave trade by France, which England was too tame to demand, and Louis not generous enough to do, was effected by a single stroke of Napoleon's pen. The powers of Europe, however, were determined, if possible, to dethrone him, and large armies entered France. Bonaparte raised a considerable, but ill organized force to meet them; the battle of Waterloo followed, in which his army was utterly defeated. He returned to the capital and abdicated in favour of his son, but France, ungrateful France, would no longer support him when deserted by fortune, and he quitted Paris in hopes of escaping to America. Finding this impracticable, he surrendered to an English ship of war, throwing himself, as he said, into the hands of the most determined, but the 'most generous of his enemies.' How little claim our conduct had to the last title was proved by sending him to St. Helena, where the privations and restrictions he was under were much greater than his safe custody required. From this custody he was released by the merciful hand of Death on the 5th of May. The best particulars that have hitherto transpired respecting this event, are as follows:—

The illness of the Ex-Emperor lasted, on the whole, six weeks. The effects of this long illness on the frame of Bonaparte, as described by an officer who had frequent opportunities of seeing him during that period, were so powerful as nearly to reduce him to a skeleton, and to obliterate all traces of his former features. During the latter part of his illness, he frequently conversed with his medical attendants on its nature, of which he seemed to be perfectly aware. He declared that it was hereditary, and that his father had died of the same disease. It is said that he gave directions about his affairs and papers till five or six hours before he died, having retained his senses till that period. He said he wished to be opened, in order that his son might be informed of the nature of his disease. The body was opened by his own surgeon. On examination, the stomach was found in a state of extreme ulceration, so that it appeared in some places perforated in large openings. His medi-

cal attendants gave it as their decided opinion, in which the physician who was called in coincided, that the disease was incurable, and that the climate had had no effect in producing it. One trait of character displayed itself in his last moments, which marks the—

'Ruling passion, strong in death.'

As he found his end approach, he was habited, at his own request, in his uniform of field marshal, with boots and spurs, and placed on a camp-bed, on which he was accustomed to sleep when in health, and preferred to every other. In this dress he expired*.

It has been asserted that the *Rosario*, which brought the dispatches, also brought the body of Bonaparte to England; but this, we understand, is not the case. His attendants wished his body to be conveyed to Europe; but on opening his will, it was found that he had left a request that it should be interred in the island, and pointed out the spot where he wished his remains to rest, in a beautiful valley near his residence. Though Bonaparte is supposed to have suffered much, his dissolution was so calm and serene, that not a sigh escaped him, or any intimation to the by-standers that it was so near. At the departure of the *Rosario*, no day had been fixed for the funeral, but it was understood that it would be solemnized with the military honours due to his rank.

A likeness of Bonaparte, after his decease, was sketched by an English officer, and is brought to England. Count Montholon, we hear, arrived by the ship which brought the intelligence of this event, and immediately forwarded it by an extraordinary courier to the French ambassador. Numerous expresses left town immediately, to announce the death of Bonaparte to the different European courts.

To this very imperfect sketch, for which want of time must be our apology, we add a few anecdotes, referring our readers to our preceding volumes for several others †.

In March, 1779, Napoleon, being then in his tenth year, was sent to the school of Brienne, in Champagne, which was superintended by some of the holy fathers, called Minims. Of a silent and stern disposition, prone to solitude and meditation, he seemed as

* This reminds us of Seward, Earl of Northumberland, who, feeling in his sickness that death was fast approaching, quitted his bed and put on his armour, saying, 'that it became not a man to die like a beast.'—ED.

† See *Literary Chronicle*, Nos. 11, 13, 15, 20, 39, 51, 52, 53, 54, and 64.

if cast by nature for the rigid order of life imposed by the rules of the establishment. Each pupil was locked up by himself at night in a cell, the whole furniture of which consisted of a girth bed, an iron water pitcher and basin; yet gloomy as this seclusion was, young Napoleon preferred retiring to it during the intervals of scholastic exercise, to joining with his school-mates in their usual sports and amusements. At a later period he was wont to prose into his solitary studies in a little garden, which he had contrived to inclose for his own exclusive use, by prevailing on some of the scholars to assign to him the shares allotted to them, and adding these to his own. It has been told of him at this period, that on one occasion when the other school boys were thrown into great consternation by the explosion of a fire-work which they were engaged in preparing, and when some of them, in their haste to get out of the way of the danger, broke through into the territory of the young *solitaire*, he seized his garden tools, and attacking the invaders, drove them with equal spirit and *non-chalance* back into the midst of the peril from which they were seeking to escape. In consequence of these cold and forbidding features in his character, he soon acquired the nick-name of the *Spartan*, which he retained during his residence at Brienne.

The branch of study to which Napoleon directed his almost undivided attention, was mathematics. He paid but little attention to the languages, and still less to the elegant arts; nay, even in writing he is said to have taken so little pleasure, as to neglect it almost entirely: whence it has arisen, that we never hear of any paper written by him in his riper years, without a note of wonder either at its illegibility or its legible incorrectness, both in character and orthoëpy.

With a book of mathematics or history—Euclid or Plutarch in his hand, his great delight was to shut himself up in his little garden, to walk and to meditate. His mind seemed for a long time to disdain all lower occupations and less important studies; but a desire for action at last broke in upon his repose, and he had no sooner mixed with his school-fellows for this purpose, than he began to act the part of the incipient general among them, taught them the military exercise, and instituted, for their usual sports, the combats of the Roman circus, and the evo-

lutions of the Macedonian phalanx. His school-fellows began now to testify an uncommon desire of respect and attachment towards him; they felt, and were the first to pay tribute to that fascinating or rather commanding influence, which was afterwards so principal a means of raising him to empire and renown.

In the hard winter of 1783, Napoleon conceived the idea of constructing a little fort of snow. With the assistance of some of his most zealous comrades, and with no other instruments than the ordinary garden tools, he perfected a complete quadrangle, defended at the corners by four bastions, the walls of which were three feet and a half high. So well was it executed, that some remains of it were in existence many weeks afterwards. While it lasted, nothing but sieges and sallies were the order of the day.

Some of his leisure hours he employed in writing a poem on the liberty of his native country, Corsica. It was constructed on the idea, that the genius of his country had appeared to him in a dream, and putting a poignard in his hand, had called on him for vengeance. The effort appears to have been an abortive one; since beyond the bare mention of the piece, nothing more of it is recorded.

After he had passed five years in this academy, the royal inspector, on his annual examination, found him so well informed in the art of fortification, that he removed him to the *ecole militaire*, at Paris, where he arrived on the 17th of October, 1784. Here young Napoleon was under the direction of able and meritorious officers, and found excellent teachers in all the arts and sciences, particularly those connected with war. In the mathematics he had the celebrated Monge for his preceptor; and benefited so much by his instructions, that on passing his first examination after joining the school, he was placed as an officer in the corps of engineers.

While yet a cadet, he went on one occasion to witness the ascent of a balloon in the *Champ de Mars*. Impelled by an eager curiosity, he made his way through the crowd, and unperceived entered the inner fence which contained the apparatus for inflating the silken globe. It was then very nearly filled, and restrained from its aerial flight by the last cord only, when Napoleon requested the aéronaut to permit him to mount the car in company with him. This, however, was refused, from an

apprehension that the feelings of the boy might embarrass the experiments; on which Bonaparte is stated to have exclaimed, 'I am young, it is true, but fear neither the powers of earth nor of air!' sternly adding, 'will you let me ascend?' The erratic philosopher sharply replied, 'No, sir, I will not; I beg that you will retire.' The little cadet, enraged at the refusal, instantly drew a small sabre, which he wore with his uniform, cut the balloon in several places, and destroyed the curious apparatus which the aéronaut had constructed with infinite labour and ingenuity for his experiment.

Such was the last notable act of the boyhood of Bonaparte; it would seem as if on the verge of manhood, he had in this one adventure prefigured the whole of that extraordinary career which he afterwards run; as the clouds aspiring, as the air trackless, its only object to ascend; its only rudder the whirlwind; a vapour its impulse; downfall its destiny.

When Bonaparte was forming the Code Napoleon, he astonished the council of state by the readiness with which he illustrated any point in discussion by quoting whole passages, extempore, from the Roman civil law, a subject which might seem to be entirely foreign to him, as his whole life had been passed in the 'tented field.' On being asked by Treilhard how he had acquired so familiar a knowledge of law affairs, he replied—'When I was merely a lieutenant, I was put under arrest, unjustly it is true; but that is nothing to the point. The little room which was assigned for my prison, contained no furniture but an old chair, an old bed, and an old cupboard; in the cupboard was a ponderous folio volume, older and more worm-eaten than all the rest; it proved to be the digest. As I had no paper, pens, ink, or pencils, you may easily imagine that this book was a valuable prize to me. It was so voluminous, and the leaves were so covered with marginal notes in manuscript, that, had I been confined a hundred years, I could never have been idle. I was only ten days deprived of my liberty; but, on recovering it, I was saturated with Justinian, and the decisions of the Roman legislators. Thus I picked up my knowledge of civil law.'

The first campaigns of the French after the revolution, were remarkable for that sudden excitement which precipitated towards the frontiers of France

a million of new and undisciplined men, to oppose by their courage and enthusiasm, the confederated force of the finest troops of which Europe could boast. The campaign of Italy presented Europe with a spectacle still more astonishing; in this one campaign, which was nothing but a continued series of battles, three armies were successively destroyed: more than one hundred and fifty colours were taken; forty thousand Austrians laid down their arms; the whole of Italy was conquered; and all these prodigies were achieved by no more than thirty thousand French, and a young general of twenty-eight years of age!

The rapidity with which the French army moved, far exceeded what Cæsar reports of the Roman legions in his Commentaries. The Roman legions marched at the rate of twenty-four miles a day; the French marched thirty, and fought every day.

It was a common saying with the troops,—‘The general has discovered a new method of making war; he makes more use of our legs than of our bayonets.’

On a subsequent occasion, when the extreme fatigue which the soldiers underwent was a subject of observation, Bonaparte observed, ‘if I force them to march, it is to spare their blood.’

At the memorable passage of the Bridge of Lodi, it was not less the celerity and promptitude of movement than invincible heroism, that carried the day. The fire of the enemy, who defended the passage with thirty pieces of cannon, was terrible; the head of the charging column of the French appeared to give way; ‘a moment of hesitation,’ says Bonaparte, in his official despatch on the occasion, ‘would have lost all.’ ‘Generals Berthier, Massena, Cervoni, D’Allemagne, the chief of brigade Lanne, and the chief of battalion Dupat, dashed forwards at its head, and determined the fate of the day, still wavering in the balance.’ Bonaparte does not include his own name in the list of this heroic band, though well known to have been one of the foremost in the charge; the modesty which dictated this concealment, even his revilers must admire. ‘This redoubtable column,’ he continues, ‘overturned all opposed to it; Beau-lieu’s order of battle was broken; astonishment, flight, and death, were spread on all sides. In the twinkling of an eye the enemy’s army was scattered in confusion.’

‘Although,’ he continues, ‘since

the commencement of the campaign we have had some very warm affairs, and although the army has often been under the necessity of acting with great audacity, nothing has occurred which can be compared to the terrible passage of the Bridge of Lodi.’

‘Our loss has been small; and this we owe to the promptitude of the execution, and to the sudden effect which the charge of this intrepid column produced on the enemy.’

Original Poetry.

TO WILLIAM,
In reply to his Enigma.

YOUR Enigma’s solution oft comes from a goose,
Sometimes from a crow, cock, or hen—
(And above it hath tended myself to traduce)
For ’tis what I am using—a pen.

It hath swam in the water and flown thro’ the air,

In the wings of the goose and the crow;
It tells, in the love-scroll, the thoughts of the fair,

’Tis transparent, round, dumb, we all know.
The humble to riches have oft by it risen,
Industrious knights of the quill;
While the forger has found his way into a prison

And paid, with his life, for a bill.
In the senate it aids the reporters and clerks;
It warrants the rogue’s execution;
It preserves for the poet wit’s choicest sparks,
And, to finish—it wrote this solution.
Queen Street, Cheapside. Y. F.

SONNET TO ‘W. B. L.’

‘He draws most important conclusions from the whelp of a young puppy, and discusses a mutton-chop or a metaphysical inquiry, with an equal facility. He will deduce most sapient inferences from a parboiled turnip, and preach on the stings of conscience from the contemplation of a hedge-hog.’ *Vide* ‘On Ancient and Modern Writers,’ *Literary Chronicle*, No 110.

It is not thatte thou comest in a die
Of partie-coloured brightnesse and dispaie,
Byspredde with lustrys of a diverse raie,
Ande all beseemlie to a merrie eie;
It is not thatte thou dauncest onne ye waie
Thieselfe doethe strewe with wilde and sorrell flowers,
Whither thyne fittfull fansies bide thee straine
In jocunde moodes amonge righte plesaunte houres;—
Thatte I doe love thee, ‘L.,’ but thatte I deeme
The rather thatte myne hearte delighteth well
To tayste ye spicie springes whyche thine doeth seeme
To revell in, with thyrstie unslaykeabel;
Ande it may bee—for thatte mie wittes doe glize,
Thatte I have kenn’d thee well, within farr differing guise. I. B.

TO *****

DOOMED by a separating fate
To feel a novel pain;
Oh! say, will absence ere create
False vows or cold disdain?

When the broad ocean rolls between
Thy plighted one and thee,
Will memory paint what once has been?
Will memory tell of me?

When in the recreative round
Of pleasures,—(powerful spell!)
Wilt thou forget that well-known sound,
Which spoke the sad ‘farewell?’

Down, rising doubts; and from my mind
Be banished all distrust;
Hence, mingle with the mighty wind,
’Twill scatter ye, like dust!

For I have fully tried thy love;
Full well have scanned thy heart;
And know thou can’st not faithless prove,
Nor act so vile a part.

The tongue but ill supplies the meed
To praise thee as I ought;
So ’twere ingratitude to feel
One base suspicious thought. L.

THE CRUSADER.

GREY twilight rested on the plain
Strewed with the dead and with the dying,
The star of glory in her wane,
Seemed from the crested warrior flying;
Sir Hubert stretch’d him on the ground,
For Moslem sword had left him wounded;
He heard the distant bugle sound,
His fainting pulse now quicker bounded;

And his glazed eye rested on a form
With graceful sorrow bending o’er him,
Whose eyes, like stars amid a storm,
Beamed on the dreary waste before him;
He gazed again—he knew her face—
He bore her from the haven flaming—
He bore her as his tottering pace
Told that his spirit fast was waning.

He stretch’d his hand,—the chill of death
Had froze his veins, the life-blood failing,—
On her bosom he breath’d his latest breath,
And the air resounded with her wailing:
The turbaned horde rode fiercely on,
The silver crescent brightly gleaming;
And as in life their souls were one,
In death one crimson tide was streaming.
3d May, 1821. H. A.

RETIREMENT.

‘Hail, mildly pleasing solitude,
Companion of the wise and good.’

OSOLITUDE! what sweet elysium’s thine,
In view how beautiful—possess’d, divine!
Thy seat is fix’d where judgment rears its throne,
Where silence reigns, and wisdom’s rules are known;
Where contemplation spreads her cherub wings,
As adoration with the night-bird sings!
Estrang’d from envy, guilt, remorse, and strife,
(Corroding worms that waste this fev’rish life)
Those restless dreams that shake the tortur’d breast,
Ne’er haunt the hermit, nor disturb his rest;
Majestic reason, tho’ unskill’d in schools,
Weighs the just balance by law’s nicest rules;
As Meditation loves in shades to dwell;
On herbs and fruits, by flow’ry crystal well.
Whilst on his mind no anxious thoughts obtrude,

But those of peace and calm beatitude,
On whose meek brow mild resignation there
Makes heaven of earth—and God his only care!
29th May. HATT.

Fine Arts.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

AMONG the works of art exhibited this year at Somerset House, particularly deserving of notice, are three small landscapes, painted by a Mr. Edwart, Nos. 507, 745, and 822. The style of these pictures is a perfectly new invention, and does infinite credit to the artist. At a little distance they resemble enamel, with, however, a truth of colouring that is seldom if ever found in enamel paintings; but a closer inspection shows that they are oil paintings, fastened to plate glass. The advantage of this mode over enamel is obvious, inasmuch as the artist is not confined to copy other works, but has a free range in the field of original composition.

The first of these elegant little productions is a copy, or rather an imitation, of 'Tobit and the Angel,' by Claude, which we recollect to have seen in the picture gallery at Malmaison. It strikes us that Mr. Edwart must have copied the drawing of this picture from a print, for the colouring seems wholly his own. The other two landscapes are original compositions. The execution of all three is exquisite, and not unworthy of the pencil of our greatest masters. The trees, particularly, are touched with a delicacy and a freedom that are really enchanting.

On seeing these works in a style of which we feel convinced that this is the first specimen ever exhibited, we felt disposed to make inquiries concerning the artist by whom they were contributed. The result of our inquiries leads us to suspect that the name of Edwart is assumed, and that these beautiful little pictures are the work of a foreign officer, who cultivated as an amusement, an art in which he has attained such excellence. Whether our conjectures be well founded or not, we sincerely hope that Mr. Edwart will continue to exercise in this country, a talent of which the specimen he has given us leads us to form so high an opinion.

C.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—The opera of *Rob Roy* was played for the first time at this house on Tuesday, for the benefit of Mr. Cooper and Mr. H. Johnston, which we were happy to find well attended. The principal attraction of the evening was a Mr. Mackay, from the Edinburgh Theatre, whose delineation of the Baillie,

Nicol Jarvie, is said to have been honoured with the approbation of Sir Walter Scott, and a present from Jedediah Cleishbotham. Mr. Mackay gives a very correct representation of the Baillie as drawn in the novel, with a happy observance of costume; but we much doubt that his portrait of him would ever be so popular with a London audience as that of Liston.

On Monday, a new afterpiece, from the pen of Mr. Moncrieff, was produced, entitled *The Spectre Bridegroom, or a Ghost in spite of himself*. It is a bustling piece full of equivoque, and was favourably received.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.—This elegant house opened for the season on Wednesday night, and although it has assumed the title of the 'New Theatre,' yet we were very happy to find it still entitled to the appellation, endeared by a thousand pleasing recollections, of the 'Little Theatre in the Haymarket.' It is certainly larger than the old theatre, but there is scarcely a seat in the whole house, boxes, pit, or gallery, where the actors cannot be seen and heard distinctly. To facilitate the latter, a sounding-board has been constructed, which projects considerably over the orchestra, and somewhat disfigures that part of the house,

On the ceiling, is an allegorical representation of Morning, attended by Zephyr, appearing in the horizon, while in the opposite quarter, Cynthia is seen retiring from the presence of Apollo. The ornaments which encircle the design are composed of four groups of Cupids, bearing emblematic trophies of the different seasons. On the proscenium are various figures and embellishments, correspondent with those upon the ceiling.

The new drop-scene represents, on the left hand of the audience, the entrance of a temple of the Composite Order, richly ornamented with basso relievos, and dedicated to Apollo. The statues of Thalia and Melpomene surmount the principal entrance. On the right hand is an altar, dedicated to Beauty, and flowers and various ornaments, allusive to the costumes of the Bacchantes, are introduced. The era of the new building, as well as of the new reign, are alluded to by the temple of the muses, illuminated by the rising sun.

An opening address, written, we suspect, by George Colman, was admirably delivered by Mr. Terry. It contained some smart hits at the monopoly

of the winter theatres, and concluded with allusions to the performers who had been introduced to the public on the Haymarket stage, including Matthews, whom it had found 'a wanderer,' but who was now so much 'at home;' 'Liston' and 'their favourite Young,' the mention of whose names was received with loud applause, as was the address generally. The national air of 'God save the King' was twice sung by the whole company. The play was Sheridan's first dramatic production, *The Rivals*, a play which combines a great deal of rich humour and exquisite tenderness; but which we must confess we have seldom witnessed with so little pleasure. It introduced to the public some old favourites and some new faces, whether the latter will become favourites or not seems rather questionable. Mr. Terry, who is without an equal as a testy old man, played Sir Anthony Absolute with great spirit. It was a finished performance. De Camp, who has been absent from the London boards four or five years, was favourably greeted on appearing as Captain Absolute. Sir Lucius O'Trigger was rendered a very vulgar and a very insignificant personage by a Mr. Ward, from Dublin. The most successful debut was that of a Mr. Tayleure, from Liverpool, in the character of Acres, who represented the vanity, foppery, boasting, and timidity of 'fighting Bob' with good effect. It was, however, a rather unequal performance: some of the best scenes were—his first interview with Absolute and Faulkner; his conversation with Sir Lucius on the intended challenge, when he really fancies that he is valiant; and his dialogue with his servant David, when, notwithstanding the remonstrances of that faithful adherent, Bobby still retains his valour, though now and then interrupted with a few qualms. Tayleure is a bustling actor, who promises well. Falkland was enacted by a Mr. Faulkner from Newcastle, who imitated Mr. Elliston's manner and voice, but wanted the spirit of that gentleman. The Fag of Mr. Baker, and the David of Mr. Williams, were both good. Mrs. H. Johnston, who during her absence from the stage has added considerably to her *embonpoint*, played Lydia Languish with great animation; and Mrs. Chatterly made a very interesting Julia. We had nearly forgotten Mrs. Malaprop, which was very well sustained by Mrs. Pearce.

After the comedy, a new Vaudeville

opera in two acts was produced, entitled *Peter and Paul, or Love in the Vineyards*. An apparently pre-determined disposition to oppose it, which displayed itself during the whole performance, rendered it very unintelligible to the audience. The story turns on a young rustic on the point of marrying a lady, who, nineteen years ago, had been engaged to her godfather, if he should continue so long in the same wish. He unexpectedly comes to claim her. A brother, so like him that it is impossible to know which is the 'real Simon Pure,' comes at the same time, and a series of mistakes result, which terminate in the union of the lovers. We cannot but consider the opposition made to this piece as very ungenerous. It is not usual with Englishmen to condemn unheard, and yet this may be said to have been the case with this little opera, which deserved a better fate. It was with considerable difficulty that Mr. Terry could get leave to announce it for repetition.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—A little piece in two acts, called *Love's Dream*, was produced at this theatre on Thursday night, with complete success. The story may be briefly told. Miss Dormer (Miss Kelly), is strongly attached to Henry Morton (Pearman); but, from some supposed slight on his part, she engages to marry Frederick Easy (Wrench). Easy and Morton are very intimate friends, and accidentally meeting, when the former is on his matrimonial excursion, Morton accompanies him, without knowing the intended bride until he gets to the house. The marriage contract is signed, and Morton is reluctantly prevailed upon to be one of the trustees. Miss Dormer is a somnambulist, and the night before her marriage, she unconsciously finds her way to the Pavilion, where Morton, unable to sleep, is sitting. In her dream, she discloses her attachment to Morton, and gives him a ring. On retiring, she leaves her veil, which is found by Easy. The secret is discovered, the match broken off, and Easy generously resigns the lady to his friend. The piece, though not possessing much originality, is a very pleasing production. Wrench played with great spirit, and Pearman sung prettily, but the piece rested chiefly on Miss Kelly, who rendered the scene of 'Love's dream' particularly effective. The piece was received with great applause.

SURREY THEATRE.—Mr. C. Kemble's drama of *The Point of Honour*,

has been produced at this house under the title of the *Soldier's Father*. It is extremely well played, particularly the characters of Durimel, by Huntley, and Bertha by Mrs. W. Fearman, from the York stage, who made a very successful debut. Bengough, Fitzwilliam, Wyatt, and Miss Poole, added much to the strength of the piece.

Literature and Science.

Mr. Ackermann has announced 'The History of Little Johnny, the Foundling of the late Doctor Syntax, a Poem,' from the same pen and pencil as the three tours of Doctor Syntax already published.

Library at Vienna.—An historical account of the public library in Vienna, has lately been published—*Kurzgefasste Beschreibung der Kaiserlichen Bibliothek in Wien*, by which it appears to have originated in the year 1440, consisting only, at that period, of some MSS. which the Emperor Frederick IV. had purchased. It is indebted for its first organization to the poet laureate Conrad de Celtes, who, in 1495, was appointed librarian to the Emperor Maximilian I. Since that time it has been successively augmented by the incorporation of other libraries and collections of MSS. including those of Conrad, Busbeck, Fuggen, Tycho Brahe, Baron Hohendorf, the Prince Eugene of Savoy, Apostolo Zeno, &c. as well as the collections which had been before formed at Ambras, Innsbruck, and by Mathias Corvinus, King of Hungary. The immense building which it occupies at present, was constructed in 1723, by the Emperor Charles VI. and since its transfer thither has been made public. The literary treasures it contains are divided into four principal classes: the collection of MSS.; that of engravings; the *incunabula* or *principes editiones*; and modern works. Among the scarce objects in the first classes is a geographical chart, the most ancient known, called the table of Peutinger, dated in the 13th century. A hieroglyphical MS. of Mexico, done upon sixty-five leaves of deer-skin. *Hilarus Pictaviensis de Trinitate*, an Egyptian paper of the 4th century. Several MSS. on parchment, coloured purple, with gold and silver letters. The original MSS. of *Jerusalem Delivered*, by Tasso. The original act of the Roman senate for the abolition of Bacchanals, dated in the year 1806, before the Christian era, engraved on tables of

bronze. The collection of engravings is about 30,000, filling 800 cases, of which 217 contain portraits, and twenty-five miniatures painted on parchment. In the number of *incunabula*, are seven Xylographic works (*i. e.* printed with wooden characters.) The total number of printed volumes amounts to 300,000. This library is open to the public for six hours every day; but, in the true spirit of the Austrian monarchy, the curiosity of readers is thwarted by a prohibition to read many of the books, and the persons in attendance strictly observe the injunction.—*Classical Journal*.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

Ariosto.—A friend once expressing his astonishment, that he who had described such magnificent edifices in his poem, should be contented with so poor a dwelling, Ariosto answered, that 'words were much easier put together than bricks;' and leading him to the door of his house, pointed to this distich, which was engraven on the portico:—

*Parva, sed apta mihi, sed nulla obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parva meo sed tamen ære domus.*

Sir John Falstaff.—The knight whom Shakspeare has ridiculed under the character of Sir John Falstaff, was Sir John Fastolff, 'a valiant general, of an ancient family, born at Yarmouth, in Norfolk, about 1377. He attended the Duke of Clarence, as Lieutenant of Ireland, about 1405 and 1406, and in 1408 he married a rich widow of that kingdom, and soon after went over to France, where, under the English regency, he was promoted to places of trust and honour. He returned home in 1440, covered with laurels bravely won in the field, and in his private conduct he now exhibited the hospitable, generous, and benevolent man. He bestowed large legacies on Cambridge, to build the schools of philosophy and civil law, and was a most liberal benefactor to Magdalen College, Oxford, founded by his friend Wainfleet. He died, 1459, aged upwards of eighty, according to what Caxton, his cotemporary, has mentioned. Fastolff, as is well observed, was a young and grave, discreet and valiant, chaste and sober commander abroad, and eminent for every virtue at home.' Shakspeare has been severely censured for abusing this great and good man.

A traveller, on his return from the state of Ohio, where he had been to purchase a farm in that 'land of milk and honey,' gave this account of the state of promise: 'Sir, as I was driving my team, I observed a hat in the path, I reached with my whip-stick to take it up from the mud. "What are you doing with my hat?" cried a voice under it. I soon discovered under the chapeau a brother emigrant, up to his ears in the mire. "Pray let me help you up out," said I. "Thank you," said the bemired traveller, "I have a good long-legged horse under me, who has carried me through worse sloughs than this; I am only stopping to breathe my nag, as this is the firmest footing I have found in fifty miles."'

—*American Paper.*

To Daffadilles. By Rob. Herrick, born 1591.

Faire Daffadilles, we weepe to see

You haste awaye so soone:

As yet the earlie risinge sunne

Has not attained his noone.

Staye, staye,

Until the hastinge daye

Has runne

But to the even-songe,

And having prayed together, we

Will go with you alonge.

We have shorte time to staye as you,

We have as shorte a springe;

As quick a growthe to meete decaye,

As you or any thinge.

We die,

As your houres doe, and drye

Awaye,

Like to the summer's raine;

Or as the pearles of morninge's dewe

Ne'er to be founde againe.

Oysters.—The French are so fond of oysters, and it is accounted so much the *ton* to be able to eat a large quantity, that it is fashionable to serve one dozen oysters for each person before the soup. It would be a sign of bad breeding for any person to leave any on his plate, and he would become the object of sarcasm. Some, who would be regarded as persons of the first fashion, eat five or six dozen, by way of laying a foundation for dinner.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Exile, an article on the Coronation, and the reviews of Ker Porter's and Cosmo's Travels, in our next.

The favours of J. R. P., W. B. L., Eliza, Sam Spritsail, William, and T. B., have been received.

The explanation of E. G. B. is perfectly satisfactory.

We wish to see Tobias, for, however well he may be known in his own circle, his name is quite new to us.

Errata, p. 414, col. 2, l. 5, from bottom, for 'Corinthian,' read 'Corinthian'; p. 415, col. 3, l. 23 from bottom, for 'Voltaire,' read 'Voltaire'; l. 13, for 'Connoisseur,' read 'Connoisseur.'

* * The full price will be given by our Publisher, for saleable copies of No. 103, 104, 105, 106, 108, and 109, of the Country Literary Chronicle. Both Editions of The Literary Chronicle becoming very scarce, regular Subscribers are advised to complete their sets without delay.

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